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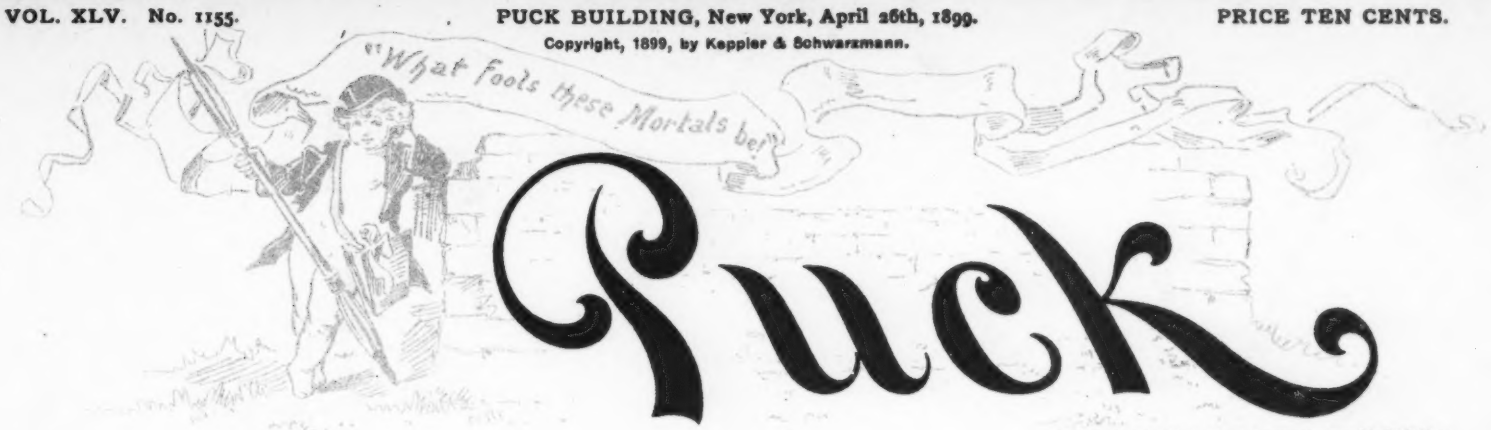


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THE TORTURES OF FATHER KNICKERBOCKER-TANTALUS.

## VANITY.

A butterfly poised o'er a blushing rose
  And said, "It is just as I hinted:
Your perfume is fine and sweet to the nose,
  But you 're not so enchantingly tinted
    As the edge of my wing
    Just painted by Spring,
And the latest creation in color;
    And I am, no doubt,
    The finest thing out,
And beside me all things appear duller. *J. H. C.*

## PUTTING IT POINTEDLY.

"Last Sabbaf mawnin'," solemnly began good old Parson Woolimon, before commencing the sermon, "dar was put into de hat fo' nickels, 'bout a dozen pennies, a passel ob s'pender-buttons and one big, round silver dollar. De nickels ain't been mentioned in my hearin' since; some little boys — bless deir rascally hearts! — has done bragged dat dey flung in de copper; nobody has owned up to bein' 'sponsible for de buttons, and betwixt den and now seben diff'unt brudders has claimed, wid sanctimonious rollin' ob deir eyes, dat dey each contributed dat dollar.

"Umph-m'm! Wal, now, as I is shore dat none ob dem bruddren would lie about a triflin' thing like a dollar, and as seben times [illegible] seben, and one fum seben am six, it follers, in chronological sequenciousness, dat six dollars was embezzled fum de hat while it was bein' parsed around last Sabbaf mawnin'. Now, den — but I jes' pauses at dis point to expatiate dat dar ain't no appropriateness in yo'-alls fixin' excusin' eyes on Brudder Slewfoot, what done parsed de hat on dat occasion, for I can specify dat I watched him keerful all de time, muhse'f.

"Wal, den, *sin silver curattus!* Dem words am Latin, and dey 'plies to de situation prezacklety and demands action, instantatiously and to once! It may be dat some ob de bruddren done stole dem six dollars outer de hat while it was circumnavigatin' past 'em; and den, ag'in, it may be dat de one lonesome dollar now under discussion was gently put in by de white gen'leman dat listened wid so much edification to de sermon, and he done went away widout braggin' about his liberalness. He sho' looked like dat kind ob a white man. De matter will now be put to an incision. *Hic jacet provocation!* All dat am in favor ob some ob de bruddren embezzlin' six dollars fum de contribution last Sabbaf, hold up yo' right hands; all dat favor de white gen'leman puttin' in dat one dollar, hold up yo' left!"

It is to be recorded that in response to this appeal the brethren were unanimously acquitted of the charge of hypothecating the offering, while the white visitor was found guilty of augmenting it one dollars'-worth.

*Tom P. Morgan.*

## A DEPARTED OPPORTUNITY.

FIRST POPULIST. — Oh, yes! No use denying that our political prospects depend somewhat on the crop indications and the weather.

SECOND POPULIST. — That 's right. Great Landslides! What if we could have held an election when the cold wave of last February was at its height?

EMBALMED BEEF endures as a political issue, if not as beef.

WE ARE quite likely to take up any old burden that will increase the Presidential patronage.

AT THE present writing it is a bit uncertain whether our Philippines give us a finger in a pie or a threshing-machine.

WHEN A military hero may get five thousand dollars for a magazine article, it is woman's rare privilege to be at once romantic and mercenary in her love.

PERHAPS MR. KIPLING might better begin at the beginning and ask the white man to pay his taxes.

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## A RECLUSE.

FIRST COOK. — Did yez hear about poor Norah Finnigan? She 's accipted a situation in Lonelyville!
SECOND COOK. — Yis; poor thing, she wor disap'inted in love, ye know.

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## A REASONABLY SAFE INFERENCE.

"Jack is one of her admirers, but he thinks she 's in love with somebody else."
"Well, she 's over nineteen, and she does n't care for Jack."

---

## A PRELIMINARY STAGE.

"What big words your sister uses, Harry!"

"Yes; she does that when she 's first introduced; she 'll be all right after awhile."

## RELIGIOUS NOTE.

MRS. HOGAN.— Oi bought th' "Loives av th' Saints" fer sixty-nine cents, this day. Now, woz n't thot chape?

MRS. DOYLE.— Oh! Oi dunno; — they lived viry chapely!

## TEMPERING WORK WITH PLEASURE.

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MR. BIGGERTON.—Confound it all! I wish Mary would n't go out and leave those twins with me to mind. I must read this book, and I can't read it while they are crying; and they will cry unless they are walked.

"See! Quiet as lambs while I walk them. But there 's the book. Ah! I know.

"A-a-h! There is nothing like having a mind!"

## CONCERNING THE SERVANT-GIRL-IN-THE-SUBURBS PROBLEM.

"AS MY wife and I were waiting last night for the nine-three local to go through lovely Lonelyville — that being our signal for going to bed, nightly, unless we have company — we drifted into the discussion of the servant-girl-in-the-suburbs question," remarked Mr. Isolate, as he was interestedly watching his neighbor, Mr. Hermitage, who, with his silk hat upon the back of his head, sat milking his pet cow, after coming home from business the other afternoon. "Now, I should dislike, as much as any of our conservative suburban friends, to see beautiful Lonelyville, which has only one grocery and butcher-shop, desecrated by the presence of any such common, metropolitan feature as even the smallest hotel or boarding-house," Mr. Isolate continued, impressively; "and yet, so long as we employ cook-ladies from the city, whose beaux and relations drop out upon them occasionally of an evening, invariably unannounced, and persist in missing the last train to the city, a modest little hotel of some sort might be a convenience."

"That reminds me!" earnestly exclaimed Mr. Hermitage; "I wish to again assure you how sorry Antoinette and I were, the other evening, not to be able to find room for your cook's brother over night; but —"

"Don't mention it again," Mr. Isolate returned, warmly. "The fact that you had the carpenter from the city, who was enlarging your coal-bin, occupying your only spare room, made, of course, such a matter out of the question. And, besides, you remember, Amabel and I had a plumber and his helper, from the city, sleeping in our guest-chamber, two weeks ago; so we were unable to oblige you with a bed for that gentlemanly young kalsominer and paper-hanger, when you asked us to."

"I am glad that you, as a true suburbanite, can thoroughly appreciate the delicacy of the occasion," responded Mr. Hermitage, with an implied compliment in his tone.

"Well, as I have said," Mr. Isolate hastened to impress upon his neighbor, "I am the last person who would care to have our rural little Arcadia lose an iota of its pastoral simplicity, which is our watchword; but, now and then, upon rare occasions, the fiancés of our cooks, and the artisans whom we employ from the wicked city, are not just the persons whom we should care to lodge in our spare rooms, or impose upon a neighbor. Now, there was night before last! Our new cook, Mary Ann, not only had her beau, Mr. Littledo, a tonsorial artist, visiting her, but who should come out on the last train, but his worst rival, a Mr. Mugsey Googan, of Cherry Street, New York, who is tough as nails and who had previously made the statement that he would break the other gentleman in two, on sight! Fortunately, Mary Ann, in one of her bursts of confidence, had confided this little romantic bit of intelligence to Amabel. Happily, too, she had shown Amabel a tintype of herself and Mr. Googan, taken in bathing costume, at Coney; so that when Amabel saw him, in the light of our front porch lantern, she recognized him immediately; and, telling me, I was able to hurry to the kitchen and alarm Mary Ann and Mr. Littledo. But at that time there was no train by which Mr. Littledo could escape to the city. Moreover, it was too late for me to go out, in the snow, and find him or Mr. Googan a lodging among our sleeping neighbors!

"At first Amabel and I thought of not admitting Mr. Googan; but we knew he had seen a light in the kitchen, and we felt that if we raised his suspicions he might, in his anger, kick in the door; in which case even Mr. Littledo's razor might not save the barber, and Mr. Googan might, perhaps, murder all of us; so we graciously admitted him. Fortunately he had a taste for music; and, as Amabel and I can, as you know, play rag-time and sing fairly well, she and I drew him into the parlor and were able to entertain him for some minutes, during which he supposed Mary Ann was primping and preparing to receive him; while, in reality, the trembling Mr. Littledo was hiding, and Mary Ann was desperately trying to get the odor of cigarettes and hair-oil out of the kitchen.

"I tell you, neither Amabel nor I slept a wink that night. With Mr. Googan in our guest chamber and Mr. Littledo occupying the lounge in my library, we did not know when Mr. Googan might detect the penetrating perfume of hair-oil and discover the presence of his barber-rival. We trembled, too, lest Mr. Littledo should snore, as was his custom, and thereby alarm Mr. Googan; and I never laid aside the croquet mallet, which I keep at the head of my bed for protection against burglars. However, I don't think Mr. Littledo, or anyone else, for that matter, other than Mr. Googan, slept any that night. At least Mr. Littledo did n't look as though he had, when, at last, morning came, and I stole down in my pajamas, and, letting him out the back door, started him for the station in time to catch the four-three A. M. local for the city, with a hard-boiled egg and a piece of pie to eat on the way for breakfast, and without even a farewell kiss from Mary Ann, who did n't dare come downstairs herself."

*Con. C. Converse.*

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SEVERE CRITICISM.

ISAACS *(describing "The Merchant of Venice").*— Undt den dey offer Shylock ten times der amoundt of der bondt undt he vould n't take it.

COHENSTEIN.— Good cracious! vot a chump dot Shylock vos!

A COMMON ENEMY.

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THE ROOSTER.— We ought to be in sympathy, Mr. Porker, the same affliction having carried off so many of our relatives.

THE PIG.— To what do you refer?

THE ROOSTER.— To ham omelet.

## SWEET SPRING IS HERE.

SWEET SPRING is here. The soft skies wear
A bluer blue, and boughs long bare
Are spreading young leaves to the light;
The busy birds, swift in their flight,
Are building hidden homes with care.

The garden is a pretty sight
Where hyacinth and crocus bright,
And other tender blooms, declare —
Sweet Spring is here!

And yet I am so well aware
That blinding blizzard still may tear
And pelt and pound the earth with spite;
I would not think it safe nor right,
E'en on a poet's word, to swear
Sweet Spring is here!

*Madeline S. Bridges.*

## FRUITLESS BRAVERY.

"They carried poor Dick Gosling off to the hospital."

"What was the matter?"

"He saw an automobile running away, and got out in the street and waved his hat in front of it."

## THE WESTERN TITAN.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Yes, children, there is a mighty power abroad in the land which all good people try to avoid. It is unblushing, aggressive and rampant. It is rapidly spreading itself over the entire country, and it is only a question of time when we all will be under its evil dominion. Now, children, what do we call it?

CLASS *(in chorus)*.—Chicago!

WHEN it comes to toleration it is pretty hard, sometimes, to tolerate some of the tolerant.

IF IT were not for an inscrutable Providence that provides for the killing of crops of all kinds by the weather every Spring, we 'd glut the markets of the world when harvest time came.

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## NOTHING ELSE.

FINNEGAN.—Phwat 's a Noihilist, Tim?

BRADY.—A Rooshian Fenian.

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## GETTING AT IT.

MISS DARLINGTON.—Papa is in the arms of Morpheus.

HUGGARD.—If I were Morpheus I would make a better use of my arms.

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## MAKING IT RIGHT.

MRS. JAYSON.—O Henry! I have a surprise for you Just look at this handsome opal ring I bought to-day for a hundred and fifty dollars. Is n't it beautiful? I had it charged.

JAYSON.—Good heavens! A cold hundred and fifty dollars when money is so tight with me! I know what I 'll do I 'll work on her superstitious nature by telling her horrible stories of the bad luck an opal ring brings.

MRS. JAYSON *(after hearing the most horrible stories of the opal's ill-luck).*—Yes, Henry, I will think over what you have told me, and act on it. You know how superstitious I am. But I do love an opal so!

MRS. JAYSON *(the next evening).*—Henry, I've fixed that all right about the opal ring.

MR. JAYSON *(aside).*—Oh! is n't she easy! I knew I could work on her superstitions. *(Aloud.)* Did you, dear?

MRS. JAYSON.—Yes; I bought to-day, down at Biffany's, a Chinese lucky-stone ring for a hundred dollars. The clerk said it was sure to keep off all kinds of bad luck and bring fortune to the wearer. So you see I have counteracted any ill luck the opal might bring me. Was n't I bright and thoughtful, dear?

## MISTRESS SPRING.

SHE 's here
The dear
Pride of the year,
Bride of the year,
Mistress Spring.

You 'll know it;
The poet
Will line her,
Will rhyme her,
Mistress Spring.

The clerk
Will shirk
All work and sigh
And glance at sky,
Mistress Spring.

The lover
Will hover
In fields and lanes
And write refrains,
Mistress Spring.

The fool
At school
Will miss and grin
And be kept in,
Mistress Spring.

She 'll laugh
And chaff,
Then dance away,
This madcap fay,
Mistress Spring.

*Lewis Fort.*

## POSSIBLY.

The tragedian laughed bitterly as he stalked along the railway track.

"This is what comes of going out with a stalk company!" he exclaimed, and laughed again, something less bitterly, mayhap.

## A LOSER.

"Gamey fish, is n't it?" said the experienced angler.

"Very," assented the novice, as the trout went away with everything but the fishing-pole; "I 'm afraid I don't understand the game."

## HIS EQUIPMENT.

NODD.—I would n't be surprised if my boy turned out to be a playwright.

TODD.—What makes you think so?

NODD.—He 's such a good French scholar.

## A POINT OF RESEMBLANCE.

"I think golf is more or less like the piano."

"How?"

"It is played by a number of people who don't know much about it."

## BIRTH.

But there was the matter of station.

"I was born in a mansion, while you were born in a flat!" she urged, with gentle insistence.

"Yes; but I can show a permit from the janitor!" exclaimed the lover, nothing daunted."

## NO STINT.

MR. GABLEIGH.—I always weigh my words.

MISS COLDEAL.—Do you? You seem to give pretty good measure.

## A GALLING RESTRICTION.

"Did Mrs. Hoyden obtain that divorce she sued for?" asked Keedick.

"Yes; she obtained a decree, but with restrictions," replied Fosdick.

"She was forbidden to marry again, I suppose?"

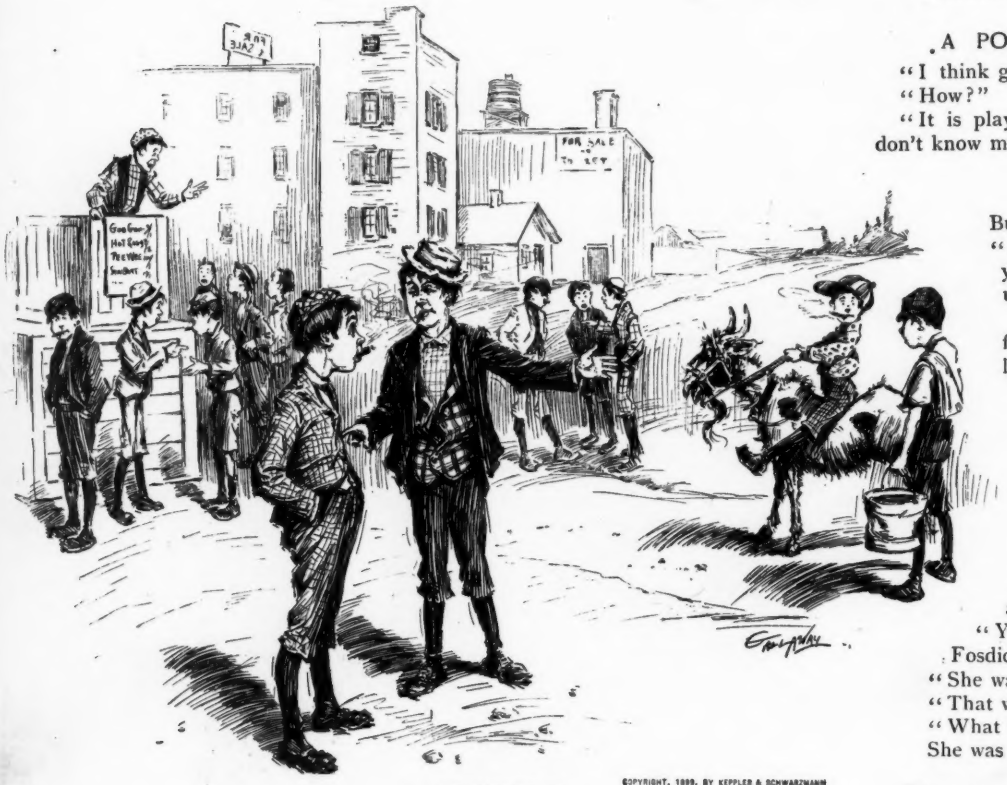
"That was n't it."

"What was the restriction?"

She was forbidden to go on the stage."

EVERY TIME some men stub their toes they regard it as an uprising of the world against them.

FORMERLY THERE was nothing for a cultured woman to do but sit around and look pretty; that is to say, most cultured women were condemned to a life of absolute idleness.

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## A "RINGER."

FIRST BETTOR.—Look out for dat "Goo-Goo!" he 's a "ringer." Dat 's de same goat dat run a mile in ten minutes at de Newtown Creek track last year; dey 've simply blacked his face, trimmed his whiskers and changed his name from "Brass-Knuckles" to "Goo-Goo." I knowed him in a minute.

# PUCK.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### ON RUNNING A CITY.

IT LOOKS as if we should learn something about the art of city management during the next couple of years. Chicago has performed the astounding feat of voting independently in a city election. She has elected a Mayor, it is true, whom report calls no paladin of virtue, but she has for once turned from the idol of Regularity; and that is the first and hardest step. Toledo and Detroit, too, have not only voted with considerable independence but they have done more—they have declared for the municipal ownership of public utilities. These things are significant; also encouraging. Not that Carter Harrison will be the good angel of Chicago; nor that Socialism is a cure for all the ills a city is heir to. But they are straws that show the wind blowing in the way of municipal government for its own sake. These cities have learned, seemingly, that a city is a business enterprise in which every voting resident, rich or poor, is a stockholder. When we all learn that and quit voting from prejudice or passion, it wont take long to find the comfortable balance between Socialism and Anarchy.

* * *

Here in New York we are not so far along as the Western cities. We are still joined to our idol of Regularity. Yet there is hope for our redemption. The legislative committee now at work here supplies fair evidence of this. Not because it shows any accession of civic rectitude, any sudden stand against official wrongdoing — don't think we are verdant enough to believe that — but because of the cynical indifference with which the public views it. The people of New York have not learned all there is to know, but at least they hold no wild hopes about these investigating farces; and that is something. Truly, the salt of "Investigation" has lost its savor. No one doubts that Tammany is just as resolutely thievish to-day as it was in the pre-Lexow days. The story of its methods was interesting then; but who wants to toil through its ugly sordidness so soon again? And who among us believes that the investigation has any worthy purpose back of it? Who believes that it aims to better the city in any way? Who does not know that its sole purpose is to bother Tammany? And who believes that those back of it would treat the city any better than Tammany does if they had the chance? If there is any one over the voting age in New York who does not now see these things clearly let him be warned to cross no pasture this Summer; for he would be unwittingly mangled by the gentle grazers there.

* * *

The rottenness of Tammany was made perfectly plain to the stockholders of this great enterprise by the Lexow Committee. In a moment of shame, feeling vaguely that it reflected upon them, they put out Tammany. Their shame subsiding presently, they put Tammany in again, knowing that Tammany had not recanted or reformed. But we must not infer, therefore, that the voters of this city are mostly thieves, or tolerant of thievery as a mode of livelihood. They are no more than victims of the political priesthood. They have been taught by both parties that they must vote the regular party ticket; and, believing that, they perceive a city electon to be nothing more than a choice of two evils. "Platt is just as bad as Croker," says the voter with an air of supernatural shrewdness; and you could n't shoot it through his thick skull with a Mauser rifle that he has any right to turn them both down; and to refuse to employ any but honest and competent servants to do the city's work. He does n't dream he could get such if he made honesty and competence the test instead of barren "regularity."

* * *

He will go on thinking he can not think for himself until, some day, he will wake up to the truth that the voters of these Western cities seem to have divined: the truth that with his vote he determines the comfort, safety, prosperity and general well-being of himself and his family. There is scarcely a relation or circumstance of life that is not directly affected by it: the rent he pays for house, flat or room; the taxes he may pay; the cost and quality of his transportation; the purity of the foodstuffs he buys; the schooling his children get; the treatment he receives in the courts; his immunity from fires and burglars; the price of gas; the liberty to carry on his legitimate business. In short, it may be said that to a very great degree the pleasure he gets out of life is determined largely by the machinery which that vote of his helps to put in motion. When he has learned this, and one other thing, — which is very important, and which, alas! he will be even slower to learn, — namely: that he must not have foolish laws, laws that a majority of the people do not want and will not have enforced, his life will be vastly pleasanter and easier. It will be a time of "law and order;" but he will have fewer laws and more order.

* * *

Meantime he should remember that he is getting just as good a government as he has learned to want. He alone is responsible, not Tammany. The investigation is not into the ways of Tammany, but into the intelligence of the whole people of this city. That is a good thing for us to keep in mind, lest we grow spiritually fat.

---

### IN LUZON.

"Who 's ahead?" inquired the Filipino who was looking for war news.

"Aguinaldo," replied the other native. "He 's six miles and three laps ahead."

### ONE THING AT A TIME.

"Now," said the promoter, "we propose to call the company 'The Chilkoot Pass Packing and Transportation Company — '"

"How do you propose to carry goods across the Chilkoot Pass?"

"We have n't reached that problem yet. At present we 're figuring out how we can float the stock."

### SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR IT.

"Talking about the White Man's Burden," observed Aguinaldo, "it does seem to handicap him somewhat in a foot-race."

And the eminent Filipino lit out for another address.

### A LOCAL DEFINITION.

"An optimist," said the Harlemite, "is a man who believes in Rapid Transit. A pessimist is a man who used to."

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### WHAT HE SAID.

ARTIST.— I 'm sorry I was not in when old Milyuns called. Did he notice my allegorical painting of "Liberty?"

SERVANT.— He did, sir.

ARTIST.— Ah! And what did he say?

SERVANT.— He said, "O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

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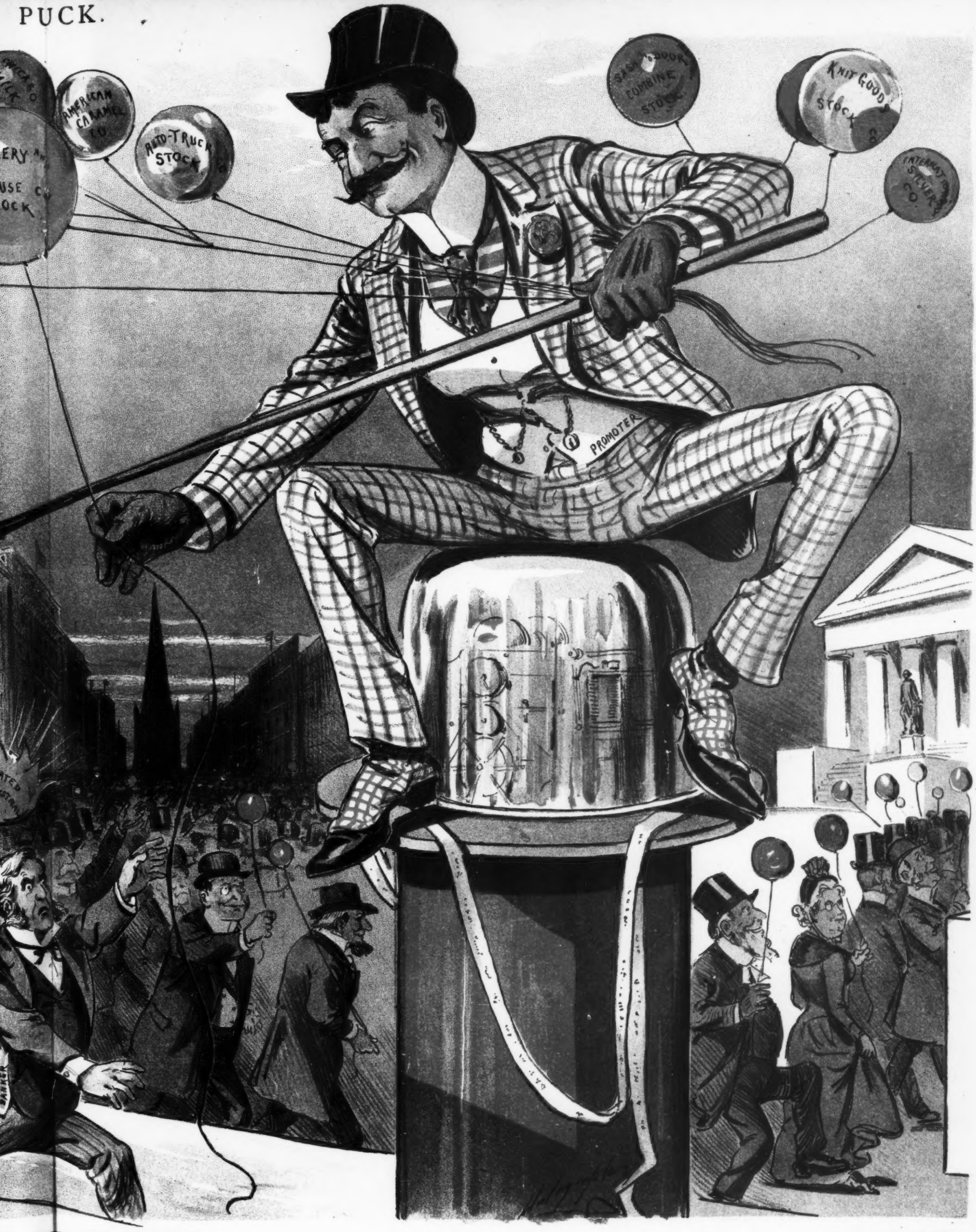
## THE FOOL AND HI

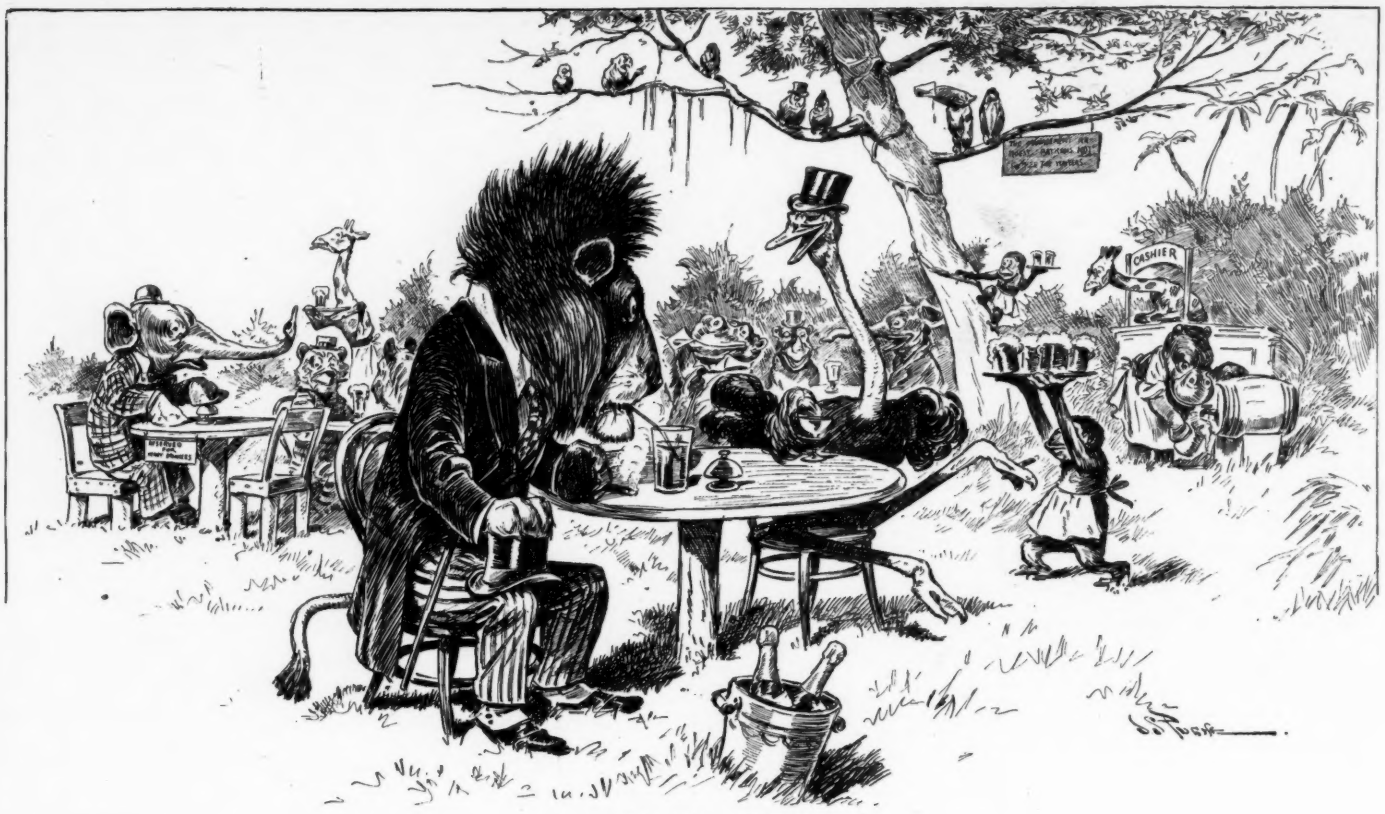
WITH REFERENCE TO THESE LARGE COMBINATIONS OF CAPITAL WHICH ARE NOW FORMING
COMMUNITY AT LARGE AS IT IS TO THE PEOPLE WHO ARE INDUCED TO PUT THEIR MONEY INT




**OL AND HIS MONEY.**

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

ARE NOW FORMING, MY OWN JUDGMENT IS THAT THE DANGER IS NOT SO MUCH TO THE
T THEIR MONEY INTO THE PURCHASE OF THE STOCK.—*Attorney-General Griggs.*

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IN THE MILLENNIUM.

THE LION.—Very nice, indeed;—very nice! I did n't know just what the Millennium would be like.
THE OSTRICH.—Oh! it 's just what I expected—a Garden of Eden with modern improvements.

## A NEWSPAPER SPECIAL.

*Extracts from the "Daily Roarer."*

MONDAY.—A blood-curdling crime was committed last night in a tenement house in Phake Street. Johnny Wildboy, the seven-year-old son of a poor widow, stabbed his mother to the heart with a large ice-pick because she did not butter a cheese sandwich for him thickly enough.

TUESDAY.—The *Evening Howler* has the audacity to doubt the truth of our yesterday's report of the awful murder in 19 Phake Street. In the face of such journalistic insolence, we wish to assure this lying sheet that our special representative has seen the fatal sandwich;—it was a ham sandwich and evidently only very thinly buttered.

WEDNESDAY.—From reliable sources we are informed that the widow in 43 Phake Street, reported to have been murdered is still living, and the physicians have some hope of saving her life. She has, however, several serious wounds in the neck and one in the shoulder. The son, who committed this desperate deed,—his real name is George Wilder,—was not seven years old, as was at first stated by several newspapers, but, as the *Daily Roarer* correctly reported, seventeen years old. He has been arrested.

THURSDAY.—Last Monday several local papers brought notices of an alleged murder in 68 Phake Street. The *Daily Roarer* printed the report according to the despatch of the "Associated News Manufacturing Concern." As our readers will remember, we expressed our suspicions at the time concerning the reliability of the story, and these suspicions are now confirmed. To-day a special reporter, detailed to investigate the affair, reports that young Wildman, in cutting some bread, accidentally gave his mother a dangerous wound in the shoulder. What the sandwich had to do with the matter—it was a sardine sandwich—has not yet been discovered. It is announced that young Wildman will be discharged to-morrow.

FRIDAY.—No further developments have occurred in the Phake Street affair, except that the cheese sandwich in question was not at all buttered.

SATURDAY.—In the face of the absurd fabrications of various sensational newspapers in regard to an alleged murder in 81 Phake Street, it now becomes our duty to take a determined stand and to state, after careful investigations, the real facts of the case. The whole affair was simply this: The twenty-six year old son of Mrs. Williams came home from work and asked for his supper. His mother thereupon went to a cupboard, procured a loaf of bread and proceeded to cut several slices. In so doing, she accidentally gave herself a slight cut in the thumb. To manufacture a murder story out of an insignificant incident is truly an outrageous example of journalistic recklessness and frivolity.

*G. S.*

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PERFECTLY SAFE.

PERCY.—I know the only sure thing for the fifth event, and I can't lose!

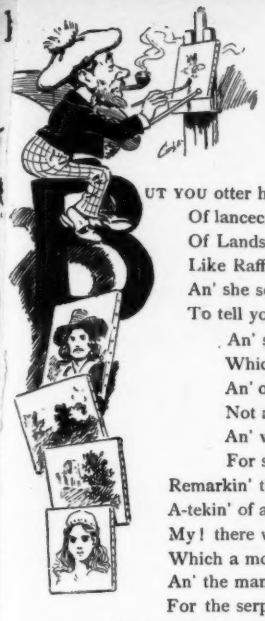
HAROLD.—You can't?

PERCY *(joyfully)*.—No;—I have n't got a cent with me!

## IN BERLIN.

STRANGER.—And every man who is guilty of *lese majeste* is liable to go to jail?

NATIVE.—Yes; but we manage to send some of them to the Reichstag.



## THE ART CRITIC.

BUT YOU otter hear our school-marm when she 's talkin' about art,
Of lancecapes an' of Janners, which is tetchin' to the hart;
Of Landsir and Mike Anghello and other dagos ded —
Like Raffle, and the moderuns, with Turner at their hed.
An' she sez a man cal'd Russkin is an extra speshul guyed
To tell you when a picter 's good an' when it should be skied;
An' she larfs at Mar's ingraveuns an' the paintun' of my Paw,
Which he 's took when voluntearin' an' a marshul blade doth draw.
An' one day she took my Mar an' me to visut a musee;
Not a dime one, but where fokes can go an' see the objeks free;
An' we had a bully time; that is, ekseptin' only Mar;
For she looked upon the statoots onct an' cwickly did withdraw,
Remarkin' that the imijus of men an' women foke
A-tekin' of a bath so free was reely past a goke.
My! there was a skeery statoot of a man in dredful plite,
Which a monstrus sneak infolds him an' his boys, an' them doth bite;
An' the man looks like to holler an' the boys is givin' out,
For the serpunt winds most awfel tite their litel limbs about;
An' the man's name 's Larry Oken, an' his natuv place was Grease,
An' the fite betwixt him an' the sneak for nevermore will cease.
But that 's nuthin' to the statoot of a man cal'd Hairy Klays,
That was champion boxer, school-marm sez, in Grease's pawmy days.
My! he wooden do a thing to Fitz but hit him on the jaw,
For his mussels is like iron, an' enormous is his paw;
An' he 's got a pleeceman's billy — only bigur — in his hand;
An' when he was n't made of stone was feer'd in ev'ry land.
An' they 've got a funny figger of a Jipshun Rammy Sis
That liv'd five thousan' years ago an' razed up pirramiss;
An' he stairs so dredful solem that you kinder wish to gess
What he 'd say to peeple passin' if he was n't stoniness.
An' there 's figgurs that have lost their limbs, like Vainus made in see,
Who, barrin' that she 's lost her arms, is bewtiful 's can be;
An' there 's some that 's only got their head, an' one has lost his nose,
An' ev'ry one that 's in the show is destitoot o' close.
Then we wander'd throw the paintuns an' we found pore Mar alone
A-weepin' o'er the picter of a baby ded an' gone.
The paintuns they was splendid, an' the kolorin' was fine,
But my i's felt kinder achey an' I wanted home to dine;
Which pruvs that feestin' of the i's, what school-marm sez is good
For easethetuk feelins, 'nt the same as tekin' solid food.

*Robert Easton.*

## WHAT HE MEANT.

CITY EDITOR.— You say he was inclined to be reticent?

REPORTER.— Yes; that is, he did n't do a thing but swear for ten minutes at the gall of this paper in meddling with his private affairs.

THERE ARE times when we seem to have very little influence with ourselves.

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## ON THEIR HONEYMOON.

MR. NEWLYWED.— Ef we cud sail togedder jest like dis down de Stream ob Life!

MRS. NEWLYWED.— Wal, sometimes de Stream ob Life am rougher dan dis, an' a pusson am likely ter git seasick.


"A good cigar is a smoke" *Kipling*

HEALTH TOBACCO CO'S CIGARS

are somewhat more than a (good) smoke they are a *harmless smoke*

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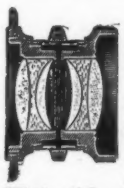

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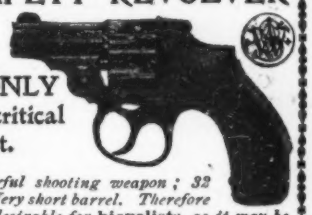

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HE DID N'T TALK SHOP.

MOTHER. — Did you meet many strangers at the reception?

DAUGHTER.—Only one, a sea captain, and he made me very tired.

MOTHER.— Did he talk shop?

DAUGHTER.— No; he talked ship.—*New York Weekly.*


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"Have you heard about the trouble Samoa has been having?" asked Li Hung Chang.

"Samoa?" repeated the Empress Dowager. "There has n't been any nation by the name of Samoa around threatening to chastise us. I don't believe there is any such government."—*Washington Star.*


Established 1823.

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That's All!

A FRUITLESS STRUGGLE.

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"Yes? He does n't seem to have any more luck than the other anti-expansionists."


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**CRESCENT**

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"Accordion plaiting went out of style long ago!" she said severely.

"Of course," answered the man who calmly displays his ignorance; "a quiet little thing like an accordion would n't stand any show among the riotous loudness of current style. It ought to be something in the orchestrion or brass-band line."—*Washington Star.*


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MISS POLLY'S BEAU *(to the new parrot).*— Pretty Poll! Polly want a cracker?

THE PARROT. — No, you yawp! Can't you offer her a diamond ring, or something else a girl would prize?—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

NOT HIS OWN MASTER.

"I see there is some criticism because one of the new Congressmen has three wives."

"Why should there be?"

"They claim he is controlled by a syndicate."—*Princeton Tiger.*


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CRIMSONBEAK.—Well, I ran for office once.—*Yonkers Statesman.*


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"Do you think it desirable to keep warships at the Philippines?" asked the German emperor's confidential adviser.

"Yes," was the answer, with great emphasis.

"Well, I suggest, then, that we proceed with caution, because if we're not careful this man Dewey may lose patience and take them away from us." —*Washington Star.*

A MAN is mad when he oversleeps, and mad when an alarm-clock wakes him up on time. — *Atchison Globe.*


CHEW

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The Original

**Pepsin Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.


PRACTICALLY IN LOVE.

"What do you think, Papa asked Jack if he expected to get any money in marrying me."

"Was Jack insulted?"

"Insulted? He told Papa that a good home was more of an object to him than wages." —*Detroit Free Press.*

BILL.—I met that fellow Boggs, yesterday.

JILL.— Did he borrow anything from you?

"Not on your life! Before he had a chance I asked him to loan me a dollar."

"I see; you struck him in self-defence." —*Yonkers Statesman.*


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"TOO MANY COOKS—"

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MRS. O'MARA.—Thot 's no raison!
MRS. O'HARA.—It is whin your husband is a polaceman, Mrs. O'Hara


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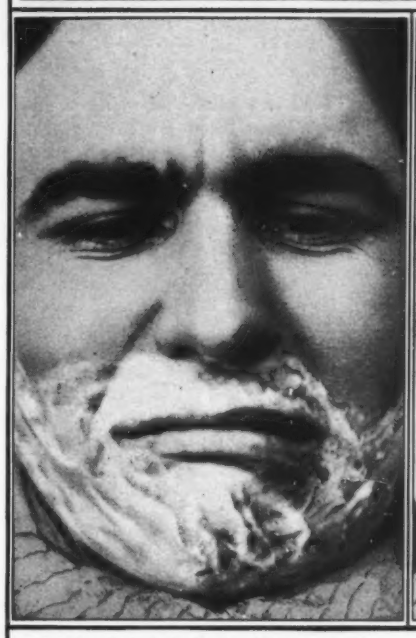
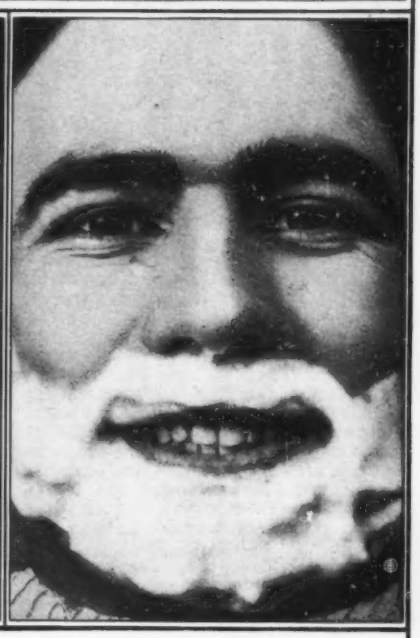
**WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP**



This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.



This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

DON'T be persuaded to buy something represented to be "just as good as WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, and a little cheaper." The dealer may make a trifle more, but you'll be sad. Instead of the Big, Thick, CREAMY Lather, and the SOOTHED, REFRESHED, VELVETY FEELING of the face, that comes after shaving with WILLIAMS' SOAP, the chances are that you'll get one of the thin, frothy, quick-drying kinds that dull the razor and leave your face parched and drawn and smarting, if nothing worse.

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Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for Toilet. Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp. By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

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NO MATTER how devout a girl is, the only young men she prays for are her brothers, believing that all other young men are perfect.—*Atchison Globe.*

A MOURNFUL CONTRAST.

"There is no doubt about it," remarked Willy Wishington, with a sigh, "some girls are very fickle."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "it is positively depressing to see how some of them have stopped kissing heros and gone calmly back to pug dogs." —*Washington Star.*

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PROF. WETTHEDUST *(a few years hence).*—Good morning, Mr. Tiller! Anything in my line to-day? I have brought my balloons and explosives along.

MR. TILLER *(American farmer).*—Well, I dunno. What 's the price of rain now?—*New York Weekly.*


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LAST, but not least —A mule's hind legs. —*Princeton Tiger.*


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## HIS OPINION.

(VON BLUMER *is showing* WITHERBY *over his new house.*)

VON BLUMER.—What do you think of this piazza?

WITHERBY.—Very good! Pity, though, you did n't extend it around on the other side. You 'll find it hotter than smoke in Summer.

VON BLUMER.—Oh! I don't know! Here is the hall; all hard wood.

WITHERBY.—Why, so it is! I would never have known it if you had n't told me. Looks like white wood stained and rubbed up. This is the reception room, eh?

VON BLUMER.—Yes.

WITHERBY.—They stuck you on these floors, old man! In two months they 'll be wide open.

VON BLUMER.—Tammany floors, eh? I hope not. How do you like this mantel?

WITHERBY.—H'm! pretty fair. What is that—imitation tiling? Oh, no! it 's real. Too bad it is n't bigger. I could have given you some points if I had known.

VON BLUMER.—Wish you had, I 'm sure. What do you think of this kitchen?

WITHERBY.—To be frank with you, I don't like it. What 's this cuddy hole—a butler's pantry? Ha! Now, if you had taken a slice off the dining-room and put it on here—

VON BLUMER.—Jove! Why in the world did n't I think of it?

WITHERBY.—Wish I 'd known you were going to build. This the way upstairs?—Ah! This is the front room. Too many windows, old man!

VON BLUMER.—Think so?

WITHERBY.—I know it. No room for furniture. Hello! this the bath-room?

VON BLUMER.—Ye-es.

WITHERBY.—Hope you did n't pay full price for that tub. Looks to me like a "second." Who put *that* tiling in?

VON BLUMER.—Why, the builder's man.

WITHERBY.—I thought so. Looks like a contract job. You should have gotten that done outside.

VON BLUMER.—Yes, so I should. Say, old man, you won't say anything about this, will you?

WITHERBY.—About what?

VON BLUMER.—Why, your opinion of this house.

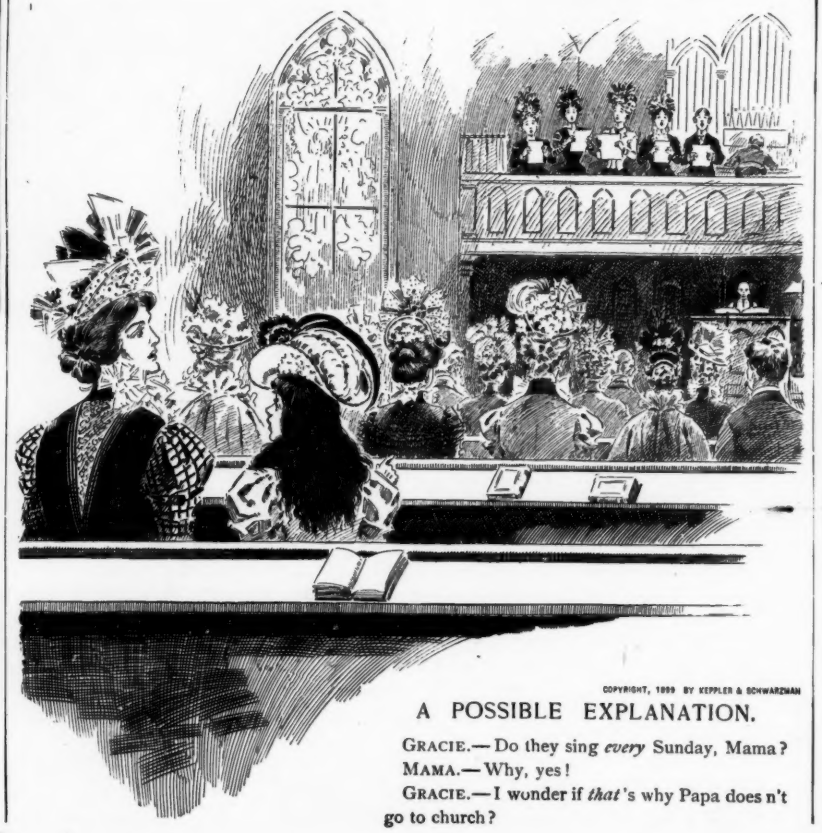
WITHERBY.—Why, certainly not if you don't wish me too.

VON BLUMER.—No, I don't! You see, I built it to give away, and if your opinion should leak out no one would take it.

## PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

"Dear me! how I wish that I knew,
If the King Table game is 'most through;
Say! what score have you?"
"We are just two to two."
"Two to two? We are two to two, too!"

*Carolyn Wells.*



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## A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

GRACIE.—Do they sing *every* Sunday, Mama?

MAMA.—Why, yes!

GRACIE.—I wonder if *that* 's why Papa does n't go to church?

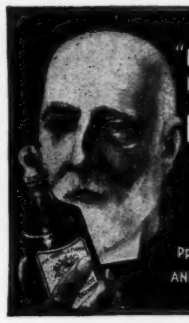
**Hunter Baltimore Rye**

A Pure Stimulant.

**The Best Whiskey in America.**

Sold at all First-class Cafés and Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.





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"IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN OF THIS YEARS AGO"

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PRESERVES THE HAIR. CLEANSES THE SCALP AND KEEPS IT FREE FROM DANDRUFF.
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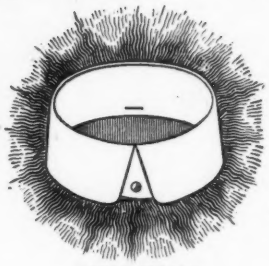

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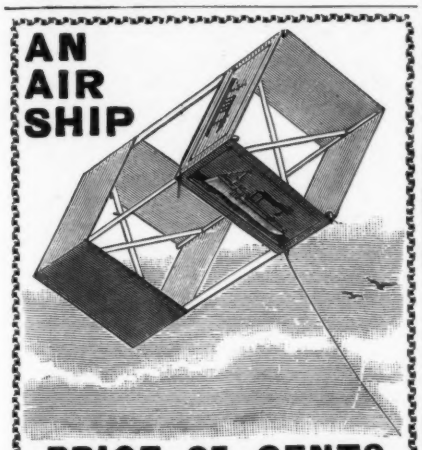

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**POCKET PHOTOGRAPHY**

**Put a Kodak in your Pocket.**

becomes simple and easy with a Kodak. The Kodak system does away with heavy, fragile, glass plates and cumbersome plate holders, using non-breakable film cartridges which weigh but ounces where plates weigh pounds. Kodaks can be loaded and unloaded in broad daylight.

**KODAKS $5.00 to $35.00.**

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**Pears'**

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

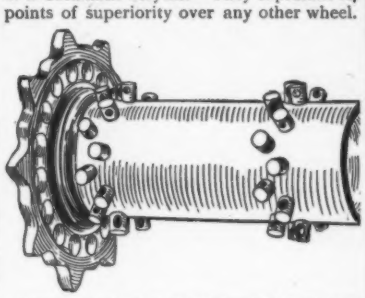
All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.



**1899 CONSTRUCTION.**

**ABOUT SPOKES.**

There are 64 spokes in the two wheels of a Columbia bicycle. They represent 64 points of superiority over any other wheel.



Since we adopted the Columbia Stud Hub and direct tangent spoke over 7,500,000 of these spokes have been in use. We have yet to hear of one breaking from any cause except collision or other violent accident. The stud hubs obviate all bending and twisting of the spokes.

When you compare Columbia, Hartford and Vedette bicycles part for part with other wheels you find good reason for their recognized superiority.

**PRICES, $75 to $25.**

**POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.**

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THE REAL INSULT.

MAJOR GOODFELLOW.—So he called yo' a liar, a drunkard, a card sharp, and a chicken thief, did he?

MAJOR HOTTBUN.—He did, suh! but when he went further and said I was not a *gentleman*, I drew on him to wunst, suh!


The most efficacious stimulant to sharpen the appetite is *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters. See that you get the genuine.


EVERY man likes to tell how some sharper had hold of him and got left. The others never tell.—*Washington Democrat.*


**CANDY** Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

**C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.**



***"HAVE YOU BEEN OVER THE LOOP?"***

is the question asked of every tourist returning from Colorado. This attractive trip is via "The Colorado Road" and may be made pleasantly and conveniently in one day. It comprehends the most sublime and beautiful in mountain scenery, the route being through beautiful Clear Creek Canon, whose massive walls tower hundreds of feet above the train. In addition to the Loop trip, you should by all means go from Denver to Leadville through picturesque Platte Canon, than which there is no grander scenery in the world. For descriptive matter please write, enclosing two-cent stamp, to

**T. E. FISHER, General Passenger Agent,**

**"THE COLORADO ROAD"**

(Colorado & Southern Railway), **DENVER, COL.**

P. S.—Send 5 cents in postage for a beautifully colored Loop Button.



**Handsomest**

In beauty of design and elegance of finish there is nothing to equal the

**Waverley Bicycle $40**

Ivanhoes and Ivanhoe Specials are next best. $35 to $85.

Waverley Catalogue tells of all—Free.

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Write for our ***two books, mailed free,*** entitled: ***"Can I become an Electrical Engineer?"*** and ***"The Electrical Marvels of Our Times."***

**THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE OF CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION,**

**Dept. T. 120-122 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.**


REJECTED BENEFITS.

The Filipino sighed: "It hurts
To think how we have forced these brawls;
They 'd send us books and flannel shirts,
Yet we insist on cannon balls."

—*Washington Star.*

A HYMN THAT PLEASES.

SOPRANO.—What makes Brother Lens so fond of "We Magnify Thy Name?"

CONTRALTO.—Oh! he 's an optician, you know.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*


**THE Keeley Cure**

**Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using**

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keely Institutes:

**Inebriety—A Disease.**

Inebriety, Morphine and other Drug habits are dependent upon a diseased condition of the nervous system. The victim of the disease again and again puts forth the most heroic efforts to reform, but his disease is too absolutely overpowering to be conquered by resolutions. The will-power he would exercise if he could is no longer supreme. Alcoholic stimulants have so congested the delicate nerve cells that they cannot respond to the performance of their functional duties, and the helplessness of the victim's condition is as inexplicable to himself as it seems inexcusable to his friends.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

Over 300,000 men and women to-day have been permanently cured of the disease of inebriety through Dr. Keeley's treatment, which is administered only at institutions authorized by him.

The treatment at these institutions is pleasant, no restraint is imposed; it is like taking a four-weeks' vacation; the patient only knows he is cured.

**Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the following institutes:**

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Hot Springs, Ark.
Denver, Colo., 18th and Curtiss Sts.
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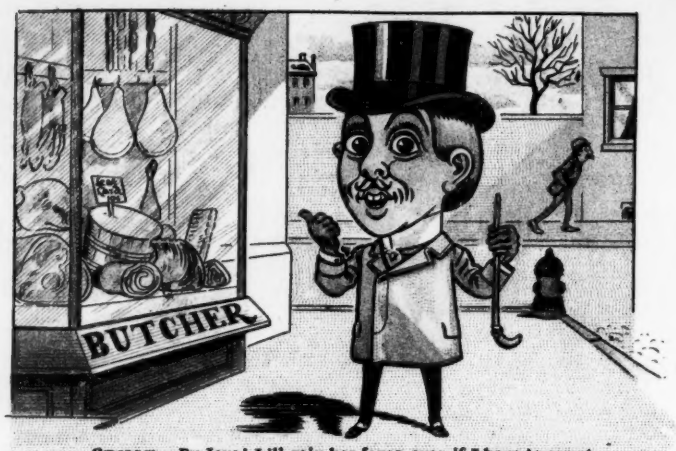
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Crab Orchard, Ky.
New Orleans, La., 1628—38 Felicity St.
Portland, Me., 151 Congress St.
Lexington, Mass.
Benton Harbor, Mich. 179 Pipestone St.
Kansas City, Mo., 716 W. 10th St.
North Conway, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y., 358 Niagara St.
White Plains, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
Columbus, Ohio, 90 N. 4th St.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Charleston, S. C., Vanderhorst and Smith Sts.
Salt Lake City, Utah 17 Grape St. 1st North.
Richmond, Va., 1012 E. Marshall St.
Waukesha, Wis.

**Address the Institute nearest you.**

"Non-Heredity of Inebriety," by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, mailed upon application.




CHOLLY.—By Jove! I 'll gain her favor, even if I have to resort to strategy. It is "love me, love my dogs" with her. I 'll make myself solid with her canine pets.

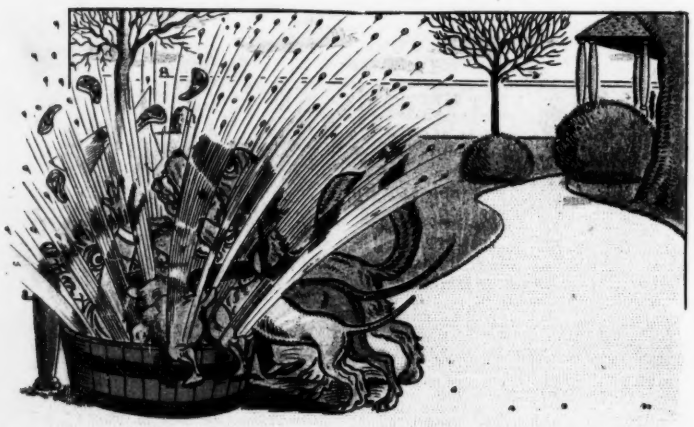
"Ah! there they are; all sizes and kinds! When a man has brains like I have it is easy to make his way in this world. Before she sees me coming up the path those dogs will be my friends for life.

"Now, you just wait until I undo this package of chops. By George! this is a great piece of strategy on my part. When I get through with the dogs I 'll go directly into the house and propose to her.

"Here, doggies! doggies! doggies! See what I have brought you!

"Come on! Come on! First come, first served!

"Jump for it ——! ***!!**!!!



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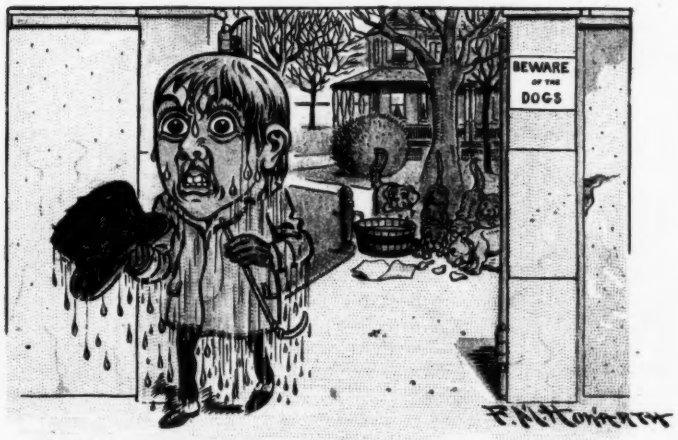


*(As he gets out of the grounds).*—"The next time I try to feed dogs they 'll be chained. No 'love me, love my dogs' for me, after this."

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AN UNFORTUNATE ATTEMPT TO GAIN FAVOR.